

# VERMONT COUNTY MONITOR.

VOL. 1.

BARTON, VERMONT, MONDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1872.

NO. 51.

## BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

**C. F. PERCIVAL,**  
Carpenter and Joiner, 48  
Water St., Barton, Vt.

**L. R. WOOD, JR.,**  
Signs, Banners, Ornamental  
Painting and Decorating,  
41, Barton, Vermont.

**J. B. CANNING,**  
Dyeing and Hair Dressing. Special  
attention paid to cutting ladies' and children's hair,  
41, Barton, Vermont.

**DAVID GILLES,**  
Dealer in HARNESSES, Blankets, whips, curry  
combs, &c., Barton Landing, Vt.

**A. D. MASSEY,**  
Practical Mason, 80  
Coventry, Vermont.

**J. F. WRIGHT,**  
Shoemaker and Saddler. Office over Grandy, Skins  
& Parker's store. Upright dressmaker's Specialty.  
25, Barton Landing, Vt.

**DR. O. A. BEHNS,**  
HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON  
Craftsbury, Vermont.

**DR. PARKHURST,**  
RASHBURN, will be at E. W. Langdon's Hotel  
in Coventry, Friday of each week, from 2 to 5 P.  
M. Agent for Waterbury, N. S. Truss. Kept con-  
sulting on hand.

**W. B. CRITCHETT,**  
Painter & GLAZIER, Graining, Whitewashing  
and Paper Hanging done in the best style and  
guaranteed. Orders solicited. Barton, Vt.  
East Albany, Vt.

**J. J. HILL,**  
SUCCESSOR TO F. P. CHESLEY, will continue to  
sell a Large Variety of Sewing and Knitting Ma-  
chines, and all kinds of Sewing Machine  
Accessories, 8 Barton, Vt.

**CUTLER & COSS,**  
MANUFACTURERS OF Carriages and Sleighs,  
Greensboro, Vt.

**MISS A. J. CUTLER,**  
MILLINERY, DRESS MAKING and Pattern Rooms  
Barton, Vt.

**E. G. STEVENS,**  
SURGEON DENTIST Barton Landing, Vt.

**M. J. SMITH,**  
PROPRIETOR of the Orleans County Marble Works  
Foreign and American Marble, Gravestones,  
Monuments, &c., Barton, Vt.

**J. N. WEBSTER,**  
FIRE INSURANCE AGENT, Barton, Vermont

**J. N. WEBSTER,**  
PHOTOGRAPHER, Dealer in Stereoscopes, Views,  
oral, square, and retail frames of all kinds,  
Barton, Vt.

**FRED. H. MORSE,**  
PAINTER, Graining, Glazing, Graining, White-  
washing and Paper Hanging. All work done in  
the best style and satisfaction guaranteed. Saw filed  
order. Barton, Vt.

**DALE & ROBINSON,**  
ATTORNEYS AND Counsellors at Law, Barton, Vt.  
J. A. ROBINSON

**J. L. WOODMAN,**  
DEALER IN BOOTS, SHOES, and Findings of the  
best kind and quality. Offered cheap for cash.  
Barton, Vt.

**MRS. G. C. DAVIS,**  
DRESS MAKING and Pattern Rooms Barton, Vermont.

**A. & J. L. TWOMBLY,**  
WHOLESALE and Retail Dealers in Flour, Corn,  
Rye and Oats, and all kinds of Grain, Hardware,  
and all kinds of Groceries, Barton, Vt.

**A. C. ROBINSON,**  
WHOLESALE dealer in Flour, Grain, W. L. Goods,  
Groceries, Lard, Fat, Oil, Fish, Salt, Iron,  
and all kinds of Groceries, Barton, Vt.

**WM. W. GROUT,**  
ATTORNEY and Counsellor at Law and Claim Agent.  
Will attend the courts in Orleans and Caledonia  
counties. Barton, Vt.

**W. W. EATON,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW and Counsellor in Chancery.  
Will attend the courts in Orleans and Caledonia  
counties. Prompt attention given to collections.  
Barton, Vt.

**MARTIN ABBOTT,**  
Job Worker, Open and Top Buggies, and all  
kinds of Carriages always on hand. Glover, Vt.

**J. E. DWINELL,**  
MANUFACTURER and Dealer in Furniture of all  
kinds and descriptions, Carpets, Room Paper,  
Curtains and all kinds of Groceries, Barton, Vt.

**NEW GOODS!**  
The subscriber has just opened a fresh lot of  
MILLINERY  
AND  
Fancy Goods,  
including all the latest styles from New York and Bos-  
ton, such as, Neapolitan, Straw, Chip Cakes, Sun-  
dresses and Linen hats, Bonnets of every  
style, Flowers, Ribbons, Laces, Edgings,  
Silks, Collars and a variety of Fancy Goods,  
Millinery and all kinds of notions.  
Glover, Vt.

**DRESS MAKING**  
done at our rooms by  
EXPERIENCED WORKMEN.  
Have made arrangements to receive goods from New  
York and Boston  
EVERY WEEK  
and can give our customers  
THE LATEST STYLES  
AND  
LOWEST MARKET PRICES.  
Thinking the public for their part, I hope to  
receive my share of your future patronage.  
Barton, Vt., May 6th, 1872. MRS. N. M. JEWELL.

**FARM FOR SALE.**  
On account of continued ill health of myself and wife  
I offer for sale my farm, formerly occupied by the late  
Judge Henry, of 160 acres first best land, situated within  
a mile and a half of West Glover, on the road leading  
from Glover village to West Glover. Buildings all in  
good condition. Never failing water on the premises.  
100 acres cleared. Good sugar orchard of 600 trees  
within 20 rods of the house. Farm will be sold with  
the hay and stock, or without. Terms made easy.  
This is one of the best hill farms in the County.  
For further particulars inquire of the subscriber on  
the premises.  
West Glover, Sept. 4, 1872. N. B. DODGE.

**Our new stock of**  
**FALL**  
—AND—  
**WINTER GOODS**  
Includes a full line of desirable Dress Goods—among  
which we can show a few of the latest styles as can  
be found in any country store.  
Repellants, Shawls, Flannels, Cassimeres,  
READY-MADE CLOTHING,  
Hats & Caps,  
BUFFALO & LAMP-ROSES,  
Ladies' and Children's Boots, Rubbers  
And Articles also the best

**TEAS,**  
**FLOUR,**  
**SPICES,**  
And other Groceries,  
AUSTIN & JOSELYN,  
Barton Landing, Nov. 9, 1872.

## JOSH BILLINGS.

HIS ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Amelia."—Your inquiry, about the  
most best time to marry, dus yu grate  
credit; it iz a subject which i hav swet  
over a good deal, and i am glad yu  
spoke about it, mi space wont allow me  
to go into the thing as i would like to,  
but in a few words i will sa, i hav alwas  
considered cold weather the most best  
time.

"Fred."—You ain't obliged to ask a  
gals mother if yu may go home with her  
from a partee, get the gals endorsement,  
and sale in; it iz proper enuff to ask  
her to take yur arm, but yu haint got  
no rite to put yur arm around her waste  
unless yu meet a Bear on the road, and  
then yu are bound to take yur arm a-  
way, just as soon as the Bear gets safe-  
ly by.

"Whip."—Yu are rite. Mules live  
to a long age, i've known them myself,  
to live 100 years, and not half tri. Yu  
are rite also about their being sure foot-  
ed, i've known them to kick a man twice  
in a sekund, 10 feet oph.

"Gertrude."—Yur inquiry stumps  
me, the darndest. The more i think on  
it, the more i kant tell. Az near az i  
kan rekolek now, i think i dont kno.  
Much mite beed both ways, and neether  
be wite. Upon the whole i rather  
reckon i wud, or i wudnt, jist az i  
thought best, or otherwise.

"Plutark."—Yu're mistaken, the Shakers  
dont marry. If young shakers fall in  
luv thar are sot tu weeding onions  
and thar cures them forthwithly. I kant  
tell yu now, how much it does cost to  
join the Shakers but i beleave the ex-  
pense used to be, including having yure  
hair cut and larning how tu dance, about  
\$65.00. I disrekelekt what their reli-  
gion iz, but if mi memory serves me  
rite, it iz making mitey good brooms,  
and selling dancin poor grape cuttins  
for 75 cents a foot.

"Kate."—I think Lord Biron wuz the  
author or the lines yu speke or; 'twas  
either him or 'twas Captain Kidd, one  
or tother. Biron was dreadful limber at  
riteing poetry, so wuz Kidd, but Biron wuz  
the limberest.

- TEN COMMANDMENTS.—1. Secure, if  
possible, a vigorous constitution.  
2. Eat a good supply of best food.  
3. Take a proper amount of physical  
exercise daily.  
4. Use pure water to drink.  
5. Secure an abundance of pure air  
for the lungs.  
6. Take eight hours of good sleep  
out of every twenty-four.  
7. Observe cleanliness.  
8. Observe cleanliness in all your  
habits.  
9. Take wise but not excessive re-  
creation.  
10. Work at some useful and con-  
genial employment.

A man fell into the Hudson river from  
the wharf at Newburg, the other day,  
and went down like a shot. Bystanders  
looked for him for half an hour, and  
then grappled for him and found the  
body just where he had gone down.—  
Upon examination it was discovered that  
he wore around his body, next his skin,  
a heavy chain, to which were attached  
several metallic boxes or pouches that  
were made secure by padlocks. In one  
of these boxes were about \$50 in money.  
The man was a traveling chair mender,  
was subject to fits, and had been robbed  
once while fallen in a fit. He then made  
himself robber proof, as above described  
which was sufficient protection against  
thieves, but proved to be a very poor  
life preserver.

THE CALIFORNIA SECRET BALLOT.—  
According to the requirements of the  
law, as passed by the last legislature of  
the State, the ballot is printed in long  
primer capital letters, "on paper uniform  
in size, color, weight, texture and ap-  
pearance, twelve inches long by four in-  
ches wide, and folded crosswise four  
times from the center, so as to make the  
ballot three-fourths of an inch in size,  
and pressed flat."  
The law also provides that "no bal-  
lot must be used having any mark or  
thing on the back or outside thereof,  
whereby it might be distinguished from  
any other ballot legally used."

Also, that "all assurances of names of  
candidates, and substitution of other  
names made with a lead pencil or with  
common writing ink. All other assurances  
or substitutions will be rejected."  
This does away with pasters entirely.  
No person is allowed to exhibit the  
contents of a ballot within 100 feet of  
the polls, nor request another to do so,  
under the very severe penalties of the  
code.

An editor in Victoria, Austria, says:  
"The people of this region have become  
so virtuous and well behaved that it is  
impossible for us to make an interesting  
daily paper. We hear that a ship load  
of convicts is on the way to our virtuous  
port and we look for a greater activity  
in our local news department as soon as  
its passengers get fairly ashore."

Indiana and Ohio are quarrelling as  
to which state has the most poor-people.

## BAREFOOT.

Oh, don't you remember the old hill-side farm  
And the farm-house with clapboards so gray,  
With the garden of roses and sweet pink, and lark,  
And the meadows with buttercups gay?  
And don't you remember how, in doors and out,  
And under the old orchard trees,  
The gay, laughing children were skipping about,  
With bare feet, as busy as bees?

How we all played together, the girls and the boys,  
And had houses and workshops and stores,  
Bag lunches, and "southern" and just as much noise  
As our voices could make out of doors!  
How we loved through the pastures and woodland to  
roam,  
To gather bright mosses and flowers!  
We thought them as now, there was "no place like  
home."  
And no home so delightful as ours.

And don't you remember the pleasant school road,  
And the school house so sunny in June,  
With the lessons we learned, and the "mark" that we  
"earned"?  
And how we played "patin" at noon?  
Our sunbonnets, crumpled, hung over our necks,  
The summer wind played with our hair;  
While the sun paid our faces the warmest respects,  
And kissed our white toes that went bare.

How we climbed the steep hill-side as nimble as goats  
And skipped over the ledges in glee;  
We mimicked the woodcock and whippoorwill's notes,  
And sang with the chuck-a-deedee;  
We waded the brook when the water was low,  
And shouted to make the woods ring;  
Or played on its banks in the summer's soft glow,  
Light-hearted as birds on the wing.

You remember the pond where the geese used to swim  
How we called it the ocean so wide,  
And in the old hat that was under the trim  
We sailed our rag dolls on its tide?  
And when they had cruised all the wide ocean through  
And outdone both Magellan and Cook,  
We drew them all home in an old ragged shoe,  
And called it a coast-ride they took.

How we danced in the mud with our bare naked feet  
And played "twas the Dutchy to burn"!  
We made us mud biscuits and plum cakes so sweet,  
Without any cook-book to learn;  
How we pitted the children whose stockings and shoes  
Forbade them to share in our fun!  
While we stirred up our puddings, and pastries and  
steaks,  
And then left them to cook in the sun.

—YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Big walnut crop in California.  
Another earthquake at Valparaiso.  
Dr. Livingston is sixty years old.  
New gold mines discovered in Chili.

Murder on the high C's—Some efforts  
in our churches.  
Troy editors call a fellow who steals  
from a parson, a "sacreligious thief."

Secretary Boutwell has a sister who is a  
sculptress and she is going to Rome.  
Ann Arbor, Mich., pumps water up  
hill in order to let it flow back into the town.

Epizootic fatality is great in Cincin-  
nati. Over five hundred horses have  
died thereof.

An inexperienced Lowell housekeeper  
went out to buy a pinking iron to scold  
her masters with.

Press of Missouri calls for a law  
awarding death to the punishment for  
placing obstructions on railroad tracks.

An amiable Wisconsin Indian emptied  
a box of rattlesnakes on the bed of a  
man who had offended him.

Senator Sumner receives condemnation  
everywhere for his attack upon our bat-  
tle flags.

Peter Saxo, brother of John G., is  
driving cattle across the plains to San  
Francisco.

Next year the present Parliament of  
Great Britain ceases to be, and a gener-  
al election follows.

Josh Billings did not know that his  
sayings were good enough to print, un-  
til he was forty-five years old.

A Fort Wayne widow of twenty-six  
has sued a youth of forty for \$20,000,  
because she trifled with his budding af-  
fections.

The young men of Elgin, Ill., are  
going crazy over a minister there, who  
is sweet sixteen, and as handsome a girl  
as you often see basking a pulp-  
itist.

The Boston Pilot, which has twice  
been burned out, says, "We are just  
about tired of this phenix business."  
We don't want to "rise nobly from our  
ashes" any more.

A man at a camp meeting boasted that  
he had been married twenty-five years,  
during which time he had never given  
his wife a cross word or look. He  
omitted to tell his hearers that he dared  
not.

Mary Smith has been arrested in Chi-  
cago for stealing two hundred pounds of  
railroad iron with which to buy her chil-  
dren bread. She would have made a  
good Spartan mother when they used the  
fifty pound iron dollars.

The government has taken up the sub-  
ject of those poor Italian emigrants that  
are being landed in New York at the  
rate of three or four ship loads a month  
with no other prospect before them than  
starvation or the almshouse.

A young woman in Virginia, feeling  
socially inclined toward a neighbor the  
other side of a formidable river, and hav-  
ing no horse convenient, made the transit  
in safety and dryness, recently, by tak-  
ing two chairs, and using them as stilts.

A barber in Titusville, Pa., while cut-  
ting the hair of a rural customer, ran  
his shears against some hard substance,  
which proved to be a whetstone. The  
old man said he "had missed the whet-  
stone ever since having time last July,  
and had looked all over a ten acre lot for  
it, but now remembered sticking it up  
over his ear."

A letter from Dallas, Texas, to the  
Houston Age, says that twelve "Indian"  
cattle thieves were lately caught in one  
of the western counties and hung to a  
limb of a tree, because there was no  
"limb of the law" to plead for them.  
Before hanging, their faces were scrub-  
bed and eleven of the twelve did not  
pan out as Indians—they being unpro-  
tected orphans from Kansas, mostly.

The Titusville Press, chronicles the  
following event with modest pride:—  
"Titusville was not the birthplace of the  
"Father of his country," but we have  
seen a man residing here who slipped up  
on a muddy crossing, this afternoon, and  
sat down on a roller of butter which he  
was carrying home, and instead of swear-  
ing, he simply arose, scraped the butter  
from his pants into the paper again, and  
went on as if nothing had happened.

## Somebody's Something.

The levee was at its height. Mertie  
Favor sat the center of a merry laugh-  
ing group, evidently the life of it, the  
members of which were casting sharp  
nothings back and forth at each other  
in the most good natured manner possi-  
ble, when some one called out:

"Miss Favor: do you propose attend-  
ing school this winter?"

"Oh, yes," answered Mertie. "I've  
not outgrown the town-school, yet."  
"What do you think of the teacher?"  
was asked.

"Not having the honor of his acquaint-  
ance, I am not prepared to state, but I  
do not doubt he is stupid enough; our teach-  
ers always are."

A burst of laughter greeted this rather  
sharp answer, and Mertie noticed that  
a most amused look lingered in the eyes  
of a tall stranger, who stood near—after  
the general laugh had subsided.

"What shall you study, Mert?" asked  
a schoolmate, thinking to turn the  
tide of the conversation.

"Oh! I shall review my old study—  
mischievous—perhaps add blank books, if  
the teacher thinks me equal to anything  
more."

Again a merry laugh, and the amused  
look in the eyes of the stranger grew in-  
to a broad, peculiar smile, as he turned  
and walked away.

Mertie was used to being laughed at,  
so she did not mind it much; still she  
thought to herself: "That man laugh-  
ed at me queerly!" but she probably  
never would have thought of it again,  
had not the schoolmate who questioned  
her in regard to her studies, said—

"There—Mertie Favor—I never saw  
your equal—I guess you've done it now."

"Done what?" asked Mertie in aston-  
ishment, "what have I done?"

"Why, got yourself into a pretty  
scrape by calling the teacher 'a stupid,'  
for that man with the long beard—that  
stood at your right—is Mr. Harrison,  
our teacher for this winter."

"Oh, merciful!" exclaimed Mertie,  
under her breath, "and he is looking  
right straight at me, now. Why, he  
looked so sedate, I thought he must be  
a professor, or something."

"And so he is; but as the winter  
term of Broadsea Academy gives way to  
the town schools, our Committee have  
succeeded in engaging him for us."

"Oh, dear! Well, I have said it,  
haven't I? I wish I could keep my  
tongue under lock and key. I wouldn't  
care a snap if he looked like the rest of  
the teachers, but he is such a fine-look-  
ing man, I am sorry. It was too bad  
for Sue Gray to ask me what I thought  
of him; she knew I should say some  
horrid thing."

Here Mertie ventured to glance across  
the room, and in so doing, encountered  
again the eyes of Mr. Harrison, and she  
saw that they still held in their brown  
depths the look of amusement that she  
had before observed.

"I'll face the music, if it kills me,"  
she thought, and as usual, without stop-  
ping to take a second thought, she sprang  
lightly off from the little platform on  
which she was standing with her com-  
panions, and much to their astonishment,  
walked quickly across the room. In one  
moment she stood directly in front of  
Mr. Harrison, bravely confronting those  
merry eyes.

Holding her hand out frankly, she said:  
"It was too bad for them to draw me  
out, so they knew I should say some  
abominable thing—I always do; but if  
you will excuse it, I will be a good girl  
all winter—if I can."

"Do not feel badly, Miss Favor; your  
remark was not so very unjust, perhaps.  
Schoolmasters are apt to be stupid."

Mertie saw at once that he meant to  
tease her a little, and as this was taking  
her on her own ground, her courage rose,  
so she tried to look demure, but answered  
wickedly:

"I know it—but it is not always al-  
lowable to tell them so."

Evidently, Mr. Harrison was not of-  
fended at her answer, for he made room  
for her to sit down beside him, saying:  
"Come and tell me something about  
the school that I am to commence so  
soon—having the same studies?"

Mertie flushed warmly at this refer-  
ence to her studies, but answered quick-  
ly:

"Oh, no! I'm not a specimen; they  
are real splendid girls, all of them; I  
know you will like them. Good schol-  
ars, too, and study for the sake of know-  
ing something. I wish I was more like  
them." And Mertie sighed a little pen-  
sive, thinking that would have been quite  
touching if she had not looked so be-  
witchingly roguish. Mr. Harrison was  
evidently pleased with this bright little  
specimen, for he kept her by his side  
for a long time, questioning her about  
the school, the scholars, and the people  
generally, among whom he was to find  
his winter's food. And as they parted  
for the evening he pressed the little hand  
warmly, saying:

"I shall expect to see you promptly  
at nine o'clock Monday morning, and I  
have no idea of finding you so deficient  
as you represent."

"Oh, but you will—I am sorry to

say—father has always called me 'No-  
body's nothing,' and I assure you the  
title is only too well earned."

Monday morning came round, as Mon-  
day mornings in November are apt to  
do—clear, cold and frosty, but this did  
not prevent the old schoolroom from be-  
ing filled to the brim with noisy boys  
and girls, and the disturbance only be-  
came less, when curly-headed Harry  
Frost came rushing in, shouting:

"The schoolmaster's coming; get into  
your seats every one of you."

But a few of the elder ones lingered  
around the stove, Mertie among the rest  
and Mr. Harrison seeing her, went to  
her at once, saying cordially:

"I am glad to see one familiar face  
among so many strange ones, though I  
trust they will all be familiar soon."

Mertie welcomed him quietly—intro-  
duced him to the pupils standing around,  
and after a few words of greeting they  
all took their seats, and the routine of  
school life began.

It was not monotonous to Mertie, how-  
ever, for Mr. Harrison evidently intend-  
ed to know what ingredients were re-  
quired to compose a "Nobody's Nothing,"  
for he lost no opportunity of being with  
her and improving the acquaintance so  
quickerly commenced.

We will not say that it was design-  
edly that Mr. Harrison spent so much time  
on his other classes that he had no time  
in school hours to explain the difficult  
problems in Mertie's Geometry, and was  
obliged to put her off till evening, when  
he would "just step in and explain them  
all to her;" but the almost utter neg-  
lect of the poor Geometry in the even-  
ing could have been entirely uninten-  
tional for it generally lay open before  
them, as they sat side by side at the  
table, and its queer figures seemed to ask  
for attention, but its calls were unheeded,  
as they talked on this or that sub-  
ject, or discussed bits of travel, or po-  
ems which they read together.

Mr. Harrison was more and more sur-  
prised each day as the mind of his pupil  
became unfolded to him. She read much,  
and sensibly, which is a thing too sel-  
dom to be said of the young ladies of  
now-a-days, and made it a special point  
to thoroughly understand everything  
that she read.

It is not strange that all these quiet  
evenings should bring them nearer to-  
gether than ordinary pupil and teacher,  
and when the fourteen weeks of winter  
school began to draw to a close, Mr.  
Harrison often asked himself what he  
should do with his evenings, with no  
Mertie to help him pass them.

The question came oftener and oftener  
as the time for parting drew near,  
and he found it brought him positive  
pain.

But she was young—only sixteen—  
and he—oh, dear! he almost wished that  
ten years could be clipped off his age,  
that he might be nearer a suitable com-  
panion for his pet.

He felt that she looked up to him as  
to an elder brother, for she often called  
herself his little sister, and allowed him  
the quiet home familiarity that a brother  
has by right. He feared that by  
breaking in upon this delusion and show-  
ing her the reality, he should frighten  
her away from him and never be able to  
win her back; for the intercourse of those  
winter evenings had brought him to love  
this true-hearted little girl as only a  
strong heart can love, for though nearly  
thirty years of age—he had never loved  
before.

Examination was over. School had  
closed. Pupils and teacher had bidden  
each other adieu with one exception.  
As Mr. Harrison shook hands with  
Mertie (as with the rest) he said in an  
undertone, "This is not a final farewell,  
I must see you this evening; you will  
be at home?"

"Yes!" answered Mertie, and she  
turned away quickly, that he might not  
see her rising color, or hear the quick  
beating of her heart.

She did not know what it meant—  
she did not dare ask herself—all she  
knew was that she wanted to get away  
from him and every one else, and still  
the beating of her troublesome heart in  
the quiet of her own chamber.

Early that evening Mertie heard the  
well-known footsteps in the hall, and  
rose herself to open the cosy sitting-room  
door, for her father had gone to his of-  
fice, and the house-keeper being in her  
room, Mertie was, as usual, alone.

For a time the conversation was upon  
ordinary topics, and then turned upon  
the close of the school, and thence nat-  
urally, to the departure of the teacher.

"Shall you miss me any, Mertie?" he  
asked.

"Oh, yes. We shall all miss you  
very much," she answered. You have  
been here so long you seem like one of  
us."

"I did not ask if we should miss me,  
Mertie, I asked if you would miss me  
when I am gone."

"Certainly, I shall," she answered,  
"Who is going to explain the difficult  
passages in my new book or get the  
wrong ideas out of my obstinate noddle?"

"And is that all you will care? Oh,  
Mertie, Mertie! I had so hoped you  
would miss me more than that. Com-

here; and let me tell you how I shall  
miss you." He drew her to a seat be-  
side him on the sofa, and with his great  
strong arm folded closely about her he  
told her that in every hour, in every  
moment of his life there would be an  
aching longing for her presence, and  
that henceforth every act would be per-  
formed with a view to make himself  
worthy of the love he so fervently hoped  
to gain.

"Tell me Mertie," he said, raising  
the tearful face to his, "can this be?  
Can the precious little sister give up her  
elder brother, and learn to love him with  
a far different love?"

How her answer startled and chilled  
him.

"No." Low but clear the answer  
came, "No."

"Mertie! You do not, cannot mean  
this; tell me you are trifling with me,"  
and the strong man trembled in every  
limb.

She raised her face to him and some-  
how the look in her eyes quieted his ex-  
citement and he repeated more calmly:  
"Tell me you do not mean no, Mertie."

"I cannot tell you so," she answered,  
for I do mean it. You asked me if I  
could learn to love you with a deep,  
true love like yours—I cannot learn—  
you have taught me already." And  
Mertie for the first time buried her  
blushing face on the broad shoulder of  
her teacher.

Oh! the inexpressible joy of that mo-  
ment when Ralph Harrison felt himself  
thrown up from the depths of sorrow to  
the height of bliss. The precious treas-  
ure was his—his own—and he clasped  
her to his breast, showering upon her  
the tokens of his love and thanking God  
for his great goodness to him.